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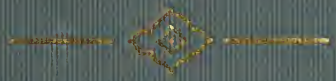
CHILD'S GLIMPSE OF GOD

FOR GROWN UP CHILDREN



ETHEL BLACKWELL ROBINSON

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A Child's Glimpse of God

for Grown Up Children

BY

ETHEL BLACKWELL ROBINSON, S.B. M.D.

Author of "The Religion of Joy"

BOSTON

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

1912

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TO YOU

MY READER

In these times, vital with every form of social unrest, I would stir within you the thought of individual responsibility, responsibility in parenthood, in the true freedom of married life, in friendships, and in your life-work. And through all remember you are one unit in the great brotherhood of man. Realize this through direct communion with God, and work with this Divine Sympathizer.

Emerson says, "Let no one stand between you and the Father."

PREFACE

What do men live for? Supreme happiness or satisfaction? The supreme happiness is the highest happiness, is spiritual satisfaction; and it comes in a feeling of radiant victory born of nobility of action. It is thankfulness and joy at noble heights maintained when tempted—the living up to the ideal, the feeling of greater security and strength after the "conflict" won. All this is growth upward, onward. We become more unselfish, more universal with a glimpse of a larger happiness for all concerned—that is growth toward the ideal —toward God.

Now this feeling of radiant victory may grow and grow so that we become filled with it, and conscious of oneness with all goodness, all love and all unselfishness, that is conscious with God. The personality of God dawns more and more as we become conscious that we are seeking to be good and true and unselfish for Some-One, a Some-One who runs the great universe, a Some-One far above and beyond us, who is drawing and loving and leading us on and up, to a wondrous light of pure love and joy.

Preface

I have wished here to write the story of every human heart, and to show its differing phases.

I have tried to express our progress toward the ideal, our constant relation to God, through the cycle of our life—our soul-life in God. This little volume is dedicated by an older child, longing to enlarge upon and emphasize for everyone the near relation, and the deeply joyous relation, of the individual to his Heavenly Father. From the glory of the cradle, on through youth's stress and strain, and up toward pure love and marriage and friendship and achievement and a growing God-consciousness with its growing joy, toward and beyond the beautiful wonder of death.

Do we not believe with reason that God is a loving and joyous God, wisely directing His own glorious plans? Then must we not seek to follow after Him! We will not trust in our own old short-sighted love and puerile joy, but in His noble love and exalted joy! This is the God I see.

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I

A GLIMPSE OF GOD THROUGH CHILD-LIFE

THE PARENTS' PETITION

Lo, Dear Father, we parents are kneeling,
And our arms are stretched toward Thee above,
May we help on Thy race in our children,
May we bear Thee messiahs of love!

There has dropped in our hearts the far vision,
And our all we urge pure from alloy.
Oh, dear Father, we're yearning to serve Thee;
May we bear Thee messiahs of Joy!

ANGEL-CHILDREN

There came by night encircling elfins,
With soothings, lovings, pityings, helpings,
Little filmy angels gave me angel-touches,
Little floating spirits gave me dainty brushes,
Soft shimm'ring lights of varying color,
And some were lustrous, others duller.
Wee angels longing for our earth!
Rapt eager visions waiting birth!

LITTLE WHO?

My puff-ball sweet
With curled up feet,
Oh whisper, ere thy toes uncurl,
Art Grandpa's boy? Or Papa's girl?

Thou mystery!
Love's history!
Thine eyes are sloes and soft and shy?
Or blue and starry, like the sky?

Thou lovely care,
Thou mother's prayer!
Hast smile to snare in love's own net
With curls of sunshine? or of jet?

My treasure hid,
My Captain Kidd,
Thy heart and brain and soul are gold,
Thy fore-bears know: the birdies told.

Thou longed-for dear,
Thy work is here,
To draw all hearts, my noble girlie (noble boy),
To God, and to his radiant joy!

THE CALL OF THE UNBORN

Oh, smile up your heart for me, mother,
Be happy, be buoyant, be mild;
Oh, smile up your heart for I'm coming,
You'll me make me a lovelier child.
I'll bud as a gay little lassie,
Or bloom as a cheery young lad,
So smile up your heart, mother darling,
You'll always be grateful and glad.
I come on our God's loving business,—
Then sing it again and again—
I'm coming to show you God loves you;
He loves you, He loves you, oh men!

NOT MINE BUT GOD'S

Lovely, helpless little baby, are you mine?
No, your soul is only lent us, is divine!
Yet our parenthood is part of God's design!

We have drawn you to us, special little one,
In our keeping are you, wondrous budding son,
GOD will claim you, when the sands of life are
run!

BEAUTIFUL BABY SOUL

Beautiful Baby Soul!
Whence thy source?
Where thy goal?
"God," he saith!
"Heav'n," he saith!
Radiant, smiling faith!
Are you come just fresh from God?
Ah then, show me what to be!
I may warn by what I am,
But 'tis you who'll most teach me,
Beautiful Baby Soul!

DEAR LITTLE BABY FEET

Dear little baby feet,
Dimpled and chubby toes,
Pinking, pearling,
Then uncurling,
Ferns my spring-time knows.

Dear little baby-feet,
Such a long way to go,
Stumbling, creeping,
Ever seeking,
Rainbows o'er the snow.

ISLAND LULLABY

Tasseled pussy-willows swinging,
Balmy breezes softly singing
O'er the pond,
Bye-low-bye!

Rolling ocean soothing, booming,
Darkness o'er the twilight looming,
Waves its wand,
Bye-low-bye!

Distant light-house glinting, blinking,
Darling mother crooning, thinking,
Oh so fond!
Bye-low-bye!

Little blue-eyes drooping, dropping
Little voices drowsy stopping,
Then a sigh!
Bye-low-bye!

Little babekins growing heavy,
With a flitting fairy bevy
Circling nigh,
Bye-low-bye!

Heav'nly Father, guide their dreaming,
In their hearts Thy light be streaming
Pure and high!
Thou art nigh!

Heavenly Father, guard their waking,
Noble thoughts their lives be making
True and high!
Be Thou nigh!
Bye-low, darlings, bye-low,
Bye-low-bye!

TELL ME JUST ABOUT GOD

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
I love that, O mother!" my little one said,
At four years, such wisdom looked out of his eyes
I marvelled, my soul was all filled with surprise.
"Such a beautiful story of Jesus is this!"
He reached out his arms for his last good-night's kiss.
"It makes him seem lovelier even than God!
Now tell me a story that's just about God:
I know that God really is lovelier still!"
How could I, this perfect ideal fulfill?
Give but a suggestion, a child will soon see;
A child can create more directly than we.

A CHILD'S GLIMPSE OF GOD

God wished to give light to His children,
So made them the beautiful sun,
And He made them the moon for the night-time,
And large brilliant stars, one by one.

And God gave His children the sunsets,—
See light on the hills over there!
And He always is thinking about you:
Calls children His very first care.

God wished to give love to His children,
He wished them to love Him well, too,
So He gave you the Fathers and Mothers,
The Fathers and Mothers have you.

So if you love Father and Mother,
In time you'll love God even more,
The dear God will hold you to His heart then,
As Father and Mother before.

So thank the dear Heav'nly Father,—
And tell Him you really love Him.
Then you'll feel you're so happy at prayer-time
Your sleep will be sweet as a hymn,
As on wings o'er dream-rainbows you skim!

HAROLD'S ANGEL-SONG

Hark, what do we hear our little one saying,
Awake with the birds in the morn?
"Oh, I want to tell you the *loveliest* story,
It's such a sweet *angel-song!*
God tells me it, *all alone* in the night,
And oh! He gives me the *beautifulest* sight!
The angels just float around
Shining and happy,
Some pink and some white,
And all goldy-dust light.
And they sail about,
Float about,
Happy, so happy
All night!
And the *loveliest* times they all of them have!
And oh, the *kindliest* things they do!
(God tells me the story to make me good),
How can I tell it to Father and you?
My *beautiful Angel-Song!*"

A CHILD'S FEAR

"Mamma please come, I'm *so* afraid!"
The sleepy eyes descried me,
"It is so dark! I'm lonely here!
Please stay, and sit beside me?"

My girlie, see, dear God is here,
And He will guard you safe, dear;
He sends His angels all around
Each timid little waif, dear.

And when you're very tired, sweet,
But still awake you keep, dear,
Ask God to take you in His arms,
And then you'll fall asleep, dear.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"The first day you come down from Heaven,
O Mother,
Is a wonderful, wonderful day!"
My little one's voice rings a message so clear,
Such marvels can five-years-old say!

Does he hear it from others? absorb from some
mind?
Or get it direct from his God?
What does his soul know before it gives
utt'rance?
A baby may hold us all awed!

The first day we go up to heaven, O Father,
Is more wonderful, wonderful still!
Lest the change be too great, may we make
heaven here,
Till all souls here with heaven-love thrill.

LISTEN IN YOUR HEART

Dear Father, we are little children,
And we are not very wise;
We want to be, oh Heav'nly Father,
Brother can be, if he tries.
And sister is so kind and helpful,
Mother is fond, sweet and good,
And Father is big, brave and loving,—
I, too, would be if I could!

Please help me make myself so thoughtful,
Make my mind say, "hark, obey!"
And make it say, "now don't be selfish";
Grown-ups tell us that's the way.
And I'll try to be so noble,
For I want to do my part.
Oh, Heav'nly Father, whisper to me,
I will listen in my heart!

BE WITH ME

Now when I hear someone is noble,
Then surely God showed him the way!
Dear God, You were there!
When someone was mean, I know now
That he would not let God show him how!
Dear God, do You care?

And when all the boys are just horrid
And do and say things that are wrong,
Dear God, are You sad?
And if I stand up, like a man,
And I say, "None of that boys!" I can!
Dear God, are You glad?
My Heavenly Father, love me as Thy son,
Be with me, and help me, and I'll do no wrong!

I'D LOVE TO GO TO HEAVEN

I'd love to go to Heaven, mother,
And with sweet angels play,
Our toys would all be lovelier,
And God would nearer stay.

But then I can't come back to you,
And have you all down here,—
You would not know me if I did,—
So I'll stay with you, dear.

MOTHER'S PROBLEM

I

We saw it mixed with sadness,
And yet a thrill of joy,
No more our bonny baby,
But a bouncing boist'rous boy!

II

And now there comes a time
Investigation's rife,
And natural powers attract.
Beware of fires!
Take care of floods!
Gas, medicines or swords!
He's as nonchalant in using these
As he is in using words!
Now it is wise to be safe,
This is a law let us keep,
Never to leave him alone,
Till he is surely asleep.

III

With other boys he needs must be,
But runs in any lines,
Be sure you head this period,
And show the nobler kinds.
Now give the lad direction clear,
And you'll be always glad,
He's got such splendid stuff in him,
If then it's spoilt, 'tis sad!

IV

Look! for the vision is near!
Near to his budding soul!
Crimson, golden,
Youthful, olden,
See the mystic bowl!
Hark to the Heavenly strains!
Guidance for him, for all,
Rousing! clinging!
Ever singing!—
Do you hear God's call?

DOES GOD HEAR?

"If I shout loud,
Does God hear?
If I whisper,

Is He near?"
Oh yes, dear,
Just the same
Whether you shout
For joy! or shame!
Or think softly,
In your mind,—
Something selfish,
Something kind.
God's ever near!
He will hear!

A PRAYER

Dear Heavenly Father, take my hand,
And help me to make myself
strong
and straight
and upright
and noble
and filled with God-consciousness!

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Dear Heavenly Father I long
Ever tightly to cling to Thy hand.
To others I'll always be kind!
As Thy brave little soldier I'll stand.

I'm only an ignorant boy,
Yet I know Thou wilt ever love me.
Thy love makes my heart beat with Joy!
I so want great and God-like to be!

I CAN MAKE MYSELF

I can make myself a good man!
Or else a selfish, sad one!
By showing I'm a good boy!
And not a horrid bad one!

A CHILD'S PENITENCE

Dear mother, I want to be good,
But somehow I seem to do wrong.
I don't know what makes me so rough,
I try to think first, right along.

Does God know, and see, every time?
And what does He do, when He sees?
He makes me so sorry, you say!
My heart cries; I never will tease!

A CHILD'S WISH

Dear God, I know that when I'm good
It's the spark of Thy soul lighting mine.
I know as surely, when I'm bad,
It's because I will not see the shine.
The spark in me, the spark in each,
Is the light that tells me of Thy love.
Oh make Thy children hear below
Just as pure as Thy angels above.

BOY'S LAWLESSNESS

When I'm a man
I'll tear up papers just a mass!
I'll smash the parlor looking-glass
And see what is behind.
I'll rip the books in two;
I'll climb up to the clock and find
What makes the cuckoo coo!

I'll yank the table-cloths all off,
And smash the flower-pots,
And mark and paint the things with spots
And peel the paper off the walls,
And stuff bananas, lots;
And throw the kettles 'round the floor
To tease the cook;
And just go splashing through the brook,
And shout and roar!

"Hush, hush! no, no!" I'll never say
At every noise,
No matter if I've fifty boys,
No matter what they do,
They'll have just all the fun they can,
When I'm a man!

LAW IN THE HOME

Dr. U. S. Pierce says, "The child should recognize law!"

The law in the home is to love and obey!
'Tis safer for children, if taught in this way.
Each is one among many; we're sowing the seeds
That will bring in a harvest, to meet future needs.

T'were better for manhood, if parents but saw
'Tis safer for children to recognize law.
This thought clearly defined, they will understand then
Civil law in the world, moral law among men.

WEARY

WILL you sing me to sleep, Papa, darling?
Please cuddle your own little one;—
I'm tired of being your big boy,
I'm only your small baby son.
I'm Papa's weary baby,
Wee baby,
Own baby,
I'm Papa's little wee baby son.

Will You soothe me to rest, Heav'nly Father,
Soon take home Your own weary one?
I'm tired of being Your big man,
I'm only Your struggling young son.
Loving Father's weak soldier,
Sad soldier,
Old soldier,
Loving Father's sad worn soldier son.

MY SON AND DAUGHTER

I WANT to speak to every child
Whether young or older grown,
I want to tell you that your body
Planned by God, is not your own.

God would have you lovely, perfect,
You must keep yourself clean, pure,
Guard the temple as God made you!
God needs *you*, you may be sure.

God tells you and me and each,
Lift the race to sacred height,—
Body healthy, mind sane poised,
And a soul of joyous light!

Be a soul of joyous light!
Grow a body sacred, pure!
Grow a mind serene, unselfish!
Thoughts are seeds, the harvest sure!

Hold but kind and noble thoughts!
Have a purpose true and good!
You will blossom to such fruitage
As but holy God-souls could!

For we grow like what we feed on!
See that *souls* are all well-fed!
Striving, helping, choose the noble!
Be a leader God hath led!

FOR THE SAKE OF THE LITTLE ONE

For the sake of the little one holding my hand,
Oh! How much I can do and can dare!
And what loads I can carry, what treasures resign.
In Thy Fatherhood, God, I can share!
And perhaps if my life grasps for wisdom and strength,
And I hold to the large and divine,
Little feet coming after more firmly may tread,
From the fact that the vict'ry was mine.
So-called trials, temptations, privations, are blest.
Teaching body, mind, heart, to be Thine;
Omnipotent Father, adored, see our best,
Deem us worthy of progress divine!

GOD-VISION

Up, look up, thou royal son,
Far, see far, where visions are!
Clear and pure and streaming far,
Draw thee toward thy guiding-star.
Mists and glooms flee from thy way,
Stars thy night, and suns thy day,
Fraught with might is thought of soul,
Wings of thought make God thy goal!

ROYALTY

Were I a child of royal blood,
I'd live as every noble should!
How true, how pure, how great, how good,
On finding I'm a child of God!

II

A GLIMPSE OF GOD THROUGH YOUTH'S STRESS AND STRAIN

THE STORM RAGES *

The storm rages
The ships at sea
Are quiv'ring in the blast!
Oh, Lord of ages,
Thanks to Thee
So few are wrecked at last!

PRAYER

Oh Father, give him strength,
And guide him unto Thee;
No hand is at the helm
He's tossing on life's sea.

The waters seethe and dash,
The fearful thunders roll.
The shallows lure and laugh!
Dear Father, guard his soul.

I pray thus, yet I know,
With benediction mild,
Thou holdest in Thy heart,
Thy wand'ring, lonely child.

* Written when 8 years old; at midnight.

WHO WILL RALLY 'ROUND THE SINGLE-MINDED FLAG?

The evil double-motive, how it damns!
Like gnawing wolves that feed on blameless lambs!
We grow deceitful actors in our parts,
Are martyrs posed, tho' tyrants in our hearts,
We're weak, and we are politic, for shame!
We stamp out others in our selfish aim;
We give one-sided-reasons as the whole,
We blunt the clear directness of our soul!
Our double-motives, subtle little elves,
While undermining truth, deceive ourselves.
We justify our stand, but have a care!
We're sensitive, just probe us anywhere.
Oh the horrible things that we all of us do!
Just because of our two-motived, mean point-of-view!
Who will rally 'round the single-minded flag?

LIGHT

What is "duty"?
Where is right?
Guide me ere I
Fall by night!

Help Thy little
Frightened child;
Hear me, save me
Father mild!
Light, light, oh to see!
Light, light, pour it free!
Light!

A CRY

Life's a living, loving turmoil,
And Thy little child is weak,—
Soothe him, calm his restless yearnings,
Show him what is best to seek.

Take him to Thy gentle breast, Lord,
Still his anxious beating heart;
He must rest, oh, he must rest, Lord,
E'er he does his little part.

Father, show to him Thy meaning,
Oh, why can he never rest?
Help him, hold him, guide him, save him,
He is falt'ring in his quest.

Give to him the wider vision
Light to see that Thou art near.
He is in Thy Heavenly kingdom,
Thou art near; oh, Thou art near!

DIRECT MY POWER

Oh, God, I'm just an infant still—
I'm timid-wond'ring so;
Pray let me not obstruct Thy will,
But deep devotion show.

Yet why it is, Thou Father wise,
That times are, when I flash
In scorn, in rage, in sudden pow'r,
And burst out wild and rash!

Then fear myself! and tremble most
For others near me bound;
Possessed by demon, spirit, ghost,—
Some awful pow'r I've found!

I know not, be it bad or good,
Or great or small of worth;
But yet I know I'm in a grasp
Beyond control of earth!

To weigh this pow'r, to hold this force—
Thy slow sure laws to see—
To guide this life, free from remorse—
Thy child beseeches Thee!

But well I know a pow'r that's strong,
Directed from abuse,
May with Thy help a lever prove
Of might, when put to use.

As life goes on, our pow'r grows great,
For good or ill, we're strong!
This energy from *God* has come,—
These loans to Him belong.

LOVE THAT IS HUMAN UNSATISFIES EVER

Saddened and broken,
In awe I surrender;
Just Smiter, Defender,
My Hope is in Thee.

Love that is human
Unsatisfies ever,
Then compromise never—
Put Faith but in God.

God, be my life-cry!
In work, compensation,
In spirit, salvation,
My Heart be with God.

AFTER DEATH

With sense of ease and buoyancy I 'rose and
looked about;
So active, happy, light of heart, immersed in
hope, I seemed;
The earth-friends were about me, and I spoke:
—they knew me not;—
But some dear kindred ones there were, whose
royal welcome gleamed!

And one there was, a presence strong, I bowed
before his glow,
"The time has come," I felt him say. "All
meanings, you shall see!"
I followed soft the realms throughout,—earth's
children to behold—
I felt their innermost beliefs, their lives were
plain to me.

"Now all the good that you have wrought,
through all your life inspired,
Is spread before your consciousness!" he spoke,
and left me dazed.
My being thrilled, illumined, soared, as step by
step, I traced
Great lives where stimulus was mine! my soul
with wild joy blazed!

Too great this realization swept,
I bowed my spirit, prayed and wept.

Then suddenly the scene was gone,—and piercing to the soul,
Before my quiv'ring being, all the stunted lives lay bare,
Where blight, or hurt, or evil of my own, had poisoned deep,
And left a trail of sin, and desolation, and despair!

No sob, nor sigh, nor sickening moan,
The horror, chilled my heart to stone.

. . . . .

Oh God, Thou hold'st the scales!

SUNRISE

I

A MUFFLED stillness, power asleep,
And hills of inky black!
A soft faint flush!
A burst of gold!
The sun sweeps down his track!

II

A heavy weight of dull despair!
Then in, kind sorrow stole!
We long to serve!
A dart of joy!
Breaks sunlight through the soul!

"AN UNWRITTEN PAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR"

The sifting snow comes swirling low,
All grime and filth is whitened,
Now weeping, melting waters flow,
Earth's beauty's cleansed and heightened.
The sun bursts forth and warms the north,
And sets all life to living.
A power is freed. Here's sap and seed;
Earth's bounty flows; God's giving.

Sage Time, the snow which covers woe,
And healeth all that's tragic,
Kind Grief,—it's gift a human soul!
Deep Life,—it's meaning magic!
These purify, and Spirit dawns,
God's Spirit wide reflecting.
His birth in you, now proves you true,
With Him, His world protecting.

"Great peace have they which love THY law: and nothing shall offend them."—Psalms cxix, 165.

Oh give me calm!
Within this rushing, hasting world.
Upon its struggling bosom whirled,
Calm hold my soul—
Thy calm sweep in.

Oh give me peace!
And when the half-taught, fight and strive,
And kill the life that's most alive,
Peace, quiet heart—
Thy peace sink deep.

Oh give me rest!
When all the body groans in pain.
Or when the spirit's tense with strain.
Sweet rest, come soothe,—
Thou gentle balm!

Come peace, calm, rest!
With faith to trust Thy ways are best,
And lift me on! Rest in Thy law—
Thus comfort draw—
For trust is rest.

Through all my life
I feel Thy law; and always know,
With wond'ring awe, that can but grow,
That Thou foresaw!
My Father saw!

TRUST

Why is all this?
What is the end?
God is now planning my life.
He understands,
I only trust,
Loving Him fully, I patiently trust;
Sweetest of love is in trust.

God never fails—
Meanings now hid
Time will but help us to find:
Grateful that smoothed
Blunders may be,
Follow I joyfully where I can see,
Lovingly cling where I'm blind.

All for the love of my God!
All for the love He bears me!

YEARNING

God's heart-strings draw our hearts;
In some mysterious way
He binds us to Himself.
We, careless, foolish, drift,
Then comes a gentle strain,

Some power has drawn the strings.
We feel, and longings come,
We yearn, but vaguely yearn,
We know not what we need.
We crave now this, now that.
Ah, this will satisfy!

But no, a stronger pull
Upon the slender cords
Brings pain exquisite forth.
That pain is ours and His,
And marks a soul in birth.
And deeper, deeper still
That wondrous yearning glows;
"Ah God, what is't we need?
What would you that we sought?
We render all to Thee."

Yet tenser still the strings
Are stretched, until we weep.
"Then prove with will and deeds
Professions made, my child!"
We turn and work, and help,
And others soothe; and work,
And ever as we strive
We're drawn unto Himself.
Ah! now the strings are loosed,
Comes trust, and hope, and calm,
And love, and light, and peace.
Our God and we, are One.

GOD'S TROOPERS

Strengthen my soul, Captain mine!
Oh make me strong, Lord Divine!
Keep me in line that shall hold,
Lead me with purpose clear, high.
Onward I'll march till I die,
One of Thy troopers enrolled.
Trials I scorn! All is well!
Weakness would prove for me, hell!

Upward, the roads reach the light,
Rouse, oh still Spirit, to Might!
Soldiers of Right now are we,
Hot from Experience' scald,
Noble ideals we see—
Now as God's troopers we're called!
Falter not, doubt not, nor sigh!
For the pure Truth live and die!

PURPOSE

Little counts except your purpose,
Where are you going, and what's your purpose?
Headless, heedless, what's your purpose?
Fall into line with God!

Oh, how wonderful God's purpose!
Infinite soul with mighty purpose!
It vibrates in the winged electrons—
It flashes in the forms of crystals—
Purpose!

It whistles in the winds of winter—
It shines clear in the stars of night-time—
It whispers where the buds are springing—
It chants forth in the thrushes singing—
Purpose!

It points in baby's tiny fingers—
It glows in mind of man majestic—
It fires the soul of seer and prophet—
Declares itself to zealous mystic—
Purpose!

All God's universe is tending upward,
Toward this mighty, mighty purpose.
Growing band with mighty purpose!
Lured right onward through God-vision,
Marching into perfect freedom,
Perfect goodness, greatness, Joy!

Fall into line with God!

WORK AND TRUST

Work, work!
Trust, trust!
To thy highest, be true!
Don't fret.
All's well,
God is mindful of you.

And whether we worry, or whether we weep,
Or whether we laugh and are gay,
The world rushes onward, the laws all work out,
And *God* holds the yea and the nay.

Work, work!
Trust, trust!
To thy highest, be true!
Hope on,
Keep brave,
God is caring for you.

Whatever we ought to have, surely will stay.
And what we must *not* have, will go.
And all that we need is, to steadily do
The wisest, the noblest we know.

Work, work!
Trust, trust!
To thy highest, be true!
Hurt none!
Help all!
God is working through you!

GOOD ADVICE
OR, THE GOD WITHIN

I SHOULD think it might be better, little girl,
When you've done a thing and know that it is wrong,
Just to seek the parent kind, and tell it all,
And then wash away your tears in mother's song.

And I dream it might be helpful, selfish youth,
When you've wounded someone deeply and feel dazed,
Just to seek the wisest, noblest man you know,
Try to rise upon the vision where he gazed.

So I fancy that it's wiser, reckless man,
Having squandered all the substance within range,
That you rally, halt, redeem, make good and learn;
Oh, what matter that the worldly think it strange.

So I gather that it's grander, child of God,
When you feel your wingèd spirit clipped and sad,
That you open wide the eyes that see with God,
He the joyous nearing goal that makes you glad.

God-like vision, brooding over sons of men,
Teaching, warning, guiding, loving, lifts the clod,
You are finding that you are the sons of men,
But you're learning that God made you sparks of God!

IN THE HOUR OF NEED

Ev'ry one's serene
When there's nothing wrong.
When the crisis comes
Can you sing your song?

That's the only test
Of your strength and pow'r.
Time is always now,
Always, ev'ry hour.

Meet the present need,
Rest a tired heart—
Here's a heavy load—
Do right here your part.

Life is in the *now*,
Now are crises run.
In the hour of need
You can be the one.

Always equal now,
Equal to it then,
You will be the man
Strong among the men.

HERE'S TO COURAGE!

Here's to the health of the noble!
Here's to the resolute throng!
Pointing the way for the timid!
Urging the careless along!

Valiant and earnest and manly,
Strengthened by God and his saints;
Fearless of earth and earth's sorrows!
Lifted and pure from earth's taints!

Clear-eyed, devoted, far-seeing!
With spirit that's drawn to the skies!
Unbroken, undampened by trial,
It soars and it sings as it flies!

Here's to the men full of courage!
Strong through all Life, Death or Birth,
Bared-heads are rising to greet thee—
God within knoweth thy worth!

WE FOLLOW THEE!

Let us live in the "Swami" ideal;
Let us give ourselves like the true Jesus;
Let us sacrifice self, to be helpful
Until only what's kindly will please us.

Self-control that is perfect means freedom;
And the love that is *purest* out-pouring,
Can redeem and lead all to perfection,
Breathing comfort and mercy while soaring.

Oh, we trust Thee forever, our Father,
So we joy to respond to THY calling;
As we thrill with delight under burdens
That no souls trusted, tried, find appalling.

Thou hast proved us, as chosen disciples—
We are burning to help on all right-hood;
We are Thine, and our pow'r is prodigious,
See us glorified by Divine Knighthood!

OURS TO INSPIRE

Brave sisters, 'tis ours to inspire!
God help us to do it!
With earnestness, trust, we're a-fire!
We give ourselves to it!

Ours to inspire!
Ours to suggest!
Hearts set on fire
In deeds expressed!

Seeing the good!
Righting the wrong!
Guiding the weak!
Praising the strong!

Helping the shy!
Checking the bold!
Leading the young!
Cheering the old!

Let all friends say,
Through life we trod,
Working for men!
Working for God!

WILLING

Know, *Willing* is our greatest pow'r!
From thought and wish proceeds,
Assures the coming action next
Materialized in deeds.

Opposing spirit's deepest laws,
'Tis harmful or 'tis nil.
All other willing's worse than useless,
Will to do God's will!

Then put yourself on Wisdom's side,
Ally yourself with God—
Your burst of pow'r can meet *no check*
Sweeps on—a Victor's flood!

BEST

With whole-souled, hearty frankness,
Go into things with zest,
To make the good, still better,
And make the better, best!

LIBERTY

Know'st thou freedom?
Art thou free?
Cans't thou claim
Sweet liberty?
Ruled by monarch,
Ruled by man,

Work can master,
Illness can.

All conditions
State their power;
Placing new weights
Hour by hour.
Rise above them,
Feel their meaning,
Yet subdue them,
Wisdom gleaning
From the all-soul,
From the spirit,
From the heights
The gods inhabit.

Up above earth's
Petty things
Is a realm where
All find wings.
Ev'ry cloud and
Shadow there
Must dissolve
In purer air.
Gone are fetters,
Worries, strife,
Found is freedom,
Found is life.

Leave thy brute-hood,
Drop the slave-side,
Feel thy courage!
Show thy brave side,
Leave the narrow,
Grasp the broad side,
Through thy man-hood
Reach the God-side!

NO MEAN THING

On the river of life
We intended to course
With swift vigorous strokes
Between delta and source.

No great aim was too high
No large work was too hard.
Surely nothing could harm us,
And naught could retard.

In the furnace of life
For pure gold-ore we're smelted;
In slag, left behind
Cold Ambitions are melted.

And our only desire
Is that all friends should sing
When the spirit has passed,
"He could do no mean thing."

AND ALL THAT IS OUR LIFE

A LARGE round of play and a little hard work,
And the soft admonitions when wanting to shirk,
Then the birds and the blossoms, the toys all have charms,
And the falling asleep in the dear mother's arms.
And all that is our life!

A glamour of dreams thro' the day-time of learning,
Buoyancy vaster ideals discerning.
A heart full of hurts, but a head full of love,
To seek and to find the bewitched turtle-dove.
And all that is our life!

An infinite call, and a finite response,
But rare gleams that commingle and bring the response.
Then a summons from God, and a rising to meet it,
A valiant true fight, and a "well-done" to greet it.
And all that is our life!

With a mind sane and poised, and a soul strong and true,
And a sympathy boundless for me and for you;
With the glorious vision, and God ever near,
Then the how and the why are so simple and clear.
And all that is our life!

THE RICHNESS OF LIFE

Luring mystery lurks in the soul,
Ether's witchery veiling a star;
Wingèd spirits from Heaven are hid
All about us where ever we are.

There's the delicate maiden-hair fern
Drawing life through its frond and its stem.
Not the stone, but the source of the light
Gives the color and flash to the gem.

So our life, the material part,
Is a medium which we must use
To express hidden worlds, hidden realms,
As through God, and on God, we still muse.

WAIT

An angel whispered to my soul, "Wait!
Thou'rt very far this side thy goal! Wait!
As yet thy goal thou little knoweth,
So go thou only where God sheweth!
Wait!"

Lord, help thy little child, unruly,
Oh help us to be patient, truly,
To drop the future, leave the past,
And live the present—that will last—Wait!

A patience learn, to solve each myst'ry
By calmly scanning age-long hist'ry.
For what am I, so weak and small?—
A single dot among them all!

Yet e'en the story of my own life
Has shown development in each strife,
And well I know myself to be
A spirit growing! bound, yet free!

The greatest rest I yet have found
Is seeing that I'm really bound!
My greatest help that yet shall be
In finding that I'm really free!

I'm free to do—but in His way—
And *will* can bring the longed-for goal;
Then all Eternity is mine!
And what is dearest to my soul!

LIVE THE IDEAL!

How shall we go through this life?
We'll *live* the *ideal!*
Seeing it, helps not the strife,
Let's *live* the ideal.

Acting high theories out
And making them real.
Resolute! let who will scout!
We'll live the ideal!

Two are the pathways on earth
Where most we need courage—
Working and loving, from birth
Need courage—God's courage!

Work must be done with no flaws—
Embodied ideal!
Power Divine, hear our cause!
And stamp with thy seal!

Then in our loving we pray
Thy spirit to follow:
These are the things that will stay,
But all else is hollow.

Time is eternity's length,
We'll compromise never;
Things all unrealized here
Have still the *forever!*

Helping each man toward his God;
Keeping in line with true laws;
Strengthening weakness with will;
Strong enough never to pause;

On, with magnificent aim!
In helping what's fated—
Helping, not forcing, will gain
A life consecrated!

God we can trust with our all,
Still seeking His leaven;
What does it mean in the end?
We leave that to Heaven.

III

A GLIMPSE OF GOD THROUGH NATURE

NATURE

AT POCANTICO

A TRILL, and then a quaver,
A ripple and a song,
The mellow note
Of life afloat,
On wing or bough, is borne.

The klop! klop! of the cuckoo;
The purse-proud Bob-o-link;
The modest word
Of Phoebe bird,
A-tilt on fern, to drink.

The thrush, a liquid treble;
The squirrel's chat, and shake,
His rattle spun,
His battle won.
An oriole's awake!

And down the solid hill-side,
The troops of evergreen,
Come stalking slow
In stately show
With grave substantial mien.

And creamy chestnuts stand out
Like scouts upon the way;
And here a clump
Of maples plump
Combat the sun's warm ray.

A dainty white-birch rivals
An elm in graceful pose;
And each fair tree
The eye can see
Its special beauty shows.
And all the grass is dotted,
With daisies gold or white;
And in the niche
Near sumach rich,
Grow tiger-lilies bright.

And all the bank is luscious,
With berries small and red,
A gentle breeze
Just sways the trees
And to me softly said—
"Come smile, oh, gloomy mortal,
All Nature's hearts are light!
Free breathing, we
Find liberty,
And joyous trust, and right!"

PLAYGROUND

Where the skies are warm smiling
And all sounds give bell clearness,
Where the sea is light laughing
Over rocks and o'er sand curves,
Gardens lavishing richness,
Amid languorous perfume,
Where the hills call alluring
With soft olive gray tinting;
Mountains breathe benediction,
As they calm us to silence;
Where the heart ever dances,
And the magic is matchless;
Thou art our Riviera!
Joyous mystical land.

BLOOD-ROOT

When the little brooks along the stones are
tinkling
As they sing
In early spring—

Where the Spirit of the wood its still watch
keeps,
And never sleeps—
A white bud peeps!

Throwing little covers off—all wreathed in sheaves
Of soft brown leaves—
The warm bud heaves.

Kissed by sunshine flooding, in a yellow bar—
At zephyr's jar
It bursts—a star!

To the tiny flow'r, were sun and wind and sod
A magic rod?
Or only God?
See, its heart a lovely star is! and its veins flow blood!
Welcome little kinsman,
Little brother bud!

UNIVERSAL GIVER

Nature,—Universal Giver,—
To thirsty men a copious river.
Lavish wealth for each new comer
Alike in winter as through summer.
Poor are rich, with eyes to see
Thy beauty, and disciples be.
Aristocracy is where?
With least as greatest, is thy care.

Love out-poured through rain and shine—
Thy ways not human but divine—
Divinely human, thus divine.

THE SHOWER

Pitter, patter, start the rain-drops,
Whew! whew! blows the wind,
Then suddenly both of them make a great rout,
And battle and jostle each other about;
Then limp, and limper, just die out.

THE WIND

(Childhood)

I have known it when it's gentle, when it's soothing, when it's soft;
Crooning song of Mother Nature to her weary little child;

(Youth)

And I've known it when it's melancholy, wailed of desolation—
Wand'ring souls, no strength of prayer could ever rescue, undefiled.

(Manhood)

Best, I've known it in its tempest bursts of majesty and right—
It has found its God of courage, and 'twill ne'er give up the fight!

I

THE DAISY

Now if I could be a flower,
I would be no blossom lazy,
But a hardy country beauty,
Just a democratic daisy.

II

THE ROSE

"Oh no," cried the delicate rose-bud,
Softly curling its petals with scorn,
And blushing its pink a bit deeper,
"For 'tis I, am on loving hearts, worn!"

III

THE LILY

Where church-bell chimes, the lily sings
Of royal love, and mystic scenes,—
White emblem of the King of Kings!
She of the flowers, queen of queens.

IV

THE SUN-FLOWER TURNS TO THE SUN

See Thy worshipping sun-flower,
Pour Thy light in his heart;
Then his soul will grow golden,
For of Thee he's a part,
And his mirror Thou art.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Bitter-sweet and everlasting,
With the cedar-berry blue,—
This bouquet I love the best!
What appeals the most to you?

WOODSY

I LOVE you, lovely hills and wood-lands,
Broad rough earth that gives me rest,
And you, compact and shapely cedar,
Stout large oak, with swaying crest.

O see the dainty trailing sweet-briar!
Chipmunk, do not spring your rattle,
O fear not that I'll harm you, chippy,
I'm not here to give you battle.

Now don't tell, chippy, and I'll whisper
How it is I sit here hidden
Upon this warm, still, autumn hill-slope,
Where you think I am not bidden.

For I'm a mother also, chippy,
And I have four little ones
I'm hoarding in that house above there,
Hear the sounds of distant tones!

The Father's there, and others helping,
Hear the children's voices ring!
But wouldn't you run off, too, sometimes
If to you they always cling?

And so, don't wonder that this morning,
Seizing hat, I ran away
Where I could hear symphonic nature!
See the mighty tree-tops sway!

I can't be always hunting apples,
Leaves and nuts and winter stuff;
Now don't you scold me, stripèd chippy,
Or I'll think you're very gruff!

And for awhile alone with sunshine,
I will breathe the fresh breeze in,
Ah, how I glory in this color!
Loving nature is no sin.

Oh, on rumble, old hooting steam-car,
Wind behind the hills and fade,
For you would spoil this lovely dream-land,
If your noise much nearer strayed.

Oh, rustle, oak-trees! swirl, ye nut-trees!
Crickets, locusts, tune *your* lyres,
For I would list to boundless nature,
Gather strength that never tires!

And then I'll go back to my chippies,
With a heart refreshed and true,
With strength from you, dear earth and woodland,
I will thank our God for you.

THE CALL OF THE WOOD-NYMPHS

Drop your work and come and play,
For the spirit would away;
Budding Nature's tribute pay!
Away! Away!

Frolic with the wood-nymphs gay,
See, we dance and float for aye;
Sunny smiles our joys betray,
Sing ho! Sing hey!

'Tis the blooming month of May,
Sing of youth and not decay;
Come, oh come, oh answer yea!
We'll take no nay!

Swing with sprite and elfin fay,
Pipe our merry roundelay,
Join us in our holiday!
Ah do, we pray!

THE HEIGHTS

In this wealth of God's fair country
Let us gain the highest hills:
Mind and spirit follow upward,
And the soul in Godland thrills!

LOVELY NATURE

Would you rather be a mountain? or a valley? or a lake?
Be a river? or an island? or the sea?
There are parallels in love!
Ever larger vistas seek.
Ask for God, while you're searching!
The completed landscape He!

THE SOUL OF NATURE

When dizzy with the city life
And, oh, so weary of its streets,
And deafened with its dinging noise,
Or well-nigh stifled with its heats,

One little spot—you dear old park—
I flee to, from deceitful crowds.
On many little lonely paths
I roam, and sing, or cry aloud!

I breath deep breaths. Address the squirrels,
Or trees, or birds, or rock, or hill;
Wish no response but just the voice
Of Nature, solemn, calm and still.

I love you in your varied moods—
In every season and out season—
When trees are green—when trees are nude.
Your charm and beauty,—strength and reason.

But best, in winter, after rain;
No greens, no reds, no color scenes.
But only blacks and browns so plain,
Foundations of what Nature means—

The soppy sod, the gaunt black trunks,
The clean-cut branch, the naked bush—
The central core of strength and truth
Show facts, not frills. In Nature's hush

These stand before me: as 'mong men
A crisis passed, friend sees his friend;
The Superficials of the hour
Are fall'n away. Eternals tower!

All washed of dross, from cov'ring pure
The soul of Nature will endure.

JUNE NESTS

AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD

I STARTED down the hill-slope, with my pitcher
for the spring,
I heard a whir, and saw a thrush mount soaring on its wing;
Part hid beneath a shingle old, five flecked white eggs snug lay,
All cuddled in their grassy nest, beneath the sun's warm ray.

I longed to show my own young brood, that lovely hidden nest,
So called my little fledgelings and they showed it to the rest.
My naughty little girliekin brought visitors a score,
And once she moved the shingle!—so the birdie came no more.
That lovely little cozy nest, deserted by the mother,
Accuses me, each day I pass! I'll never show another!

But if you softly follow me, behind a stone-wall near,
In crotch of silver-maple, there's a sturdy mansion here!

Within its shapely circle are three robin's eggs so blue,
I will not tell the children. I'm only showing you!

Up there upon the hill-top, twenty paces from the wall
Is wee-est, finely-woven nest, with three sweet birdies small,
One tiny egg not yet out-hatched; all huddled in together,
These naked little birdies are, with scarce a trace of feather!

And near a stone, not far away, I found an empty nest,
The parents had been faithful, but the young had flown, I guessed.

Dear Father, we're so grateful that we've not an empty nest,
We robins in Thy vineyard, out upon our earthly quest.
Protecting Parent, may Thy young in what they do or sing,
All lovely and all holy, gather joyous 'neath Thy wing!

JOY, JOY, JOY!

Joy to be a blossom gay!
Smile, if you're a leaf!
Happy if a happiness
Cheery if a grief!

Joyous if a butterfly!
Jolly if a toad!
Radiant if an ecstasy!
Cheery if a load!

Joy to be a sunrise rare!
Smile if setting sun!
Cheer, discarded brother, or
If the chosen one!

Glorious a baby new!
Happy if a man!
Joy to be a part of God!
Bound to be—you can!

God still holds His world in hand,
Don't you know it's true?
Joy's in everything for me!
Joy's in all for you!

LOVE, FAITH AND JOY

"Every morning seems to say:
There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you!"

Every evening breathes a prayer,
Of gratefulness for your soul's share,
Of faith divine, in you!

O joy! Joy bursts the bonds of mind
And wings the soul to seek its kind!
The joy with God, for you!

'TIS GOD!

All earth's verdure deep greening!
The wide heavens blue shining!
For they wear the corona of love!
Who loves them? 'Tis God!

The soft air is faint fragrant!
The June roses are sweet'ning!
They have caught the aroma of love!

Wild vine tendrils are curling!
Wild rose petals are falling!
Breezes smile with the archness of love!
Who loves them? 'Tis God!

Golden-hearted the sunset!
Far proclaiming its lover!
See its soul sings the vict'ry of love!

Then idealize the loved-one,
For we love when idealizing
The ideal is the ecstasy love!
Who loves them? 'Tis God!

Do you know what your quest is?
Do you see what you're nearing?
The ideal of each soul is his God!

So then love the great Nature!
All Humanity! Divinity!
And your love's ever bringing you God!
He loves you! 'Tis God!
Adore Him! Your God!

IV

A GLIMPSE OF GOD THROUGH LOVE AND MARRIAGE

RESERVE

The bee selects its blossom,
The magnet, true must swerve,
The lightning has its pathway,
The soul holds its reserve.

PREPARATION

Before the storm burst mighty,
A stillness subtly awes;
Before great undertakings
There comes a timid pause.

JUSTICE

Our world needs its goddess of Hope
And Love, thy sweet message of light,
But hearts need the aching of "Pain,"
An Amos, for Justice to smite.

HOPE

Sweet Hope is a winged white cyclamen!
A fairy-like butterfly dancing!
A humming-bird daintily poising!
A breeze whirling leaves in the autumn!
A gale blowing free in the winter!
Brave Hope soars to heights that are viewless,
The hills left, and birds passed, and winds too,
And old Father Time left a-far off.
Ah Hope! spirit matchless, heroic,
Pray smooth thou a brow with thy warm touch,
And wrap thou a heart, oh, so tender,
Then sweep thou a soul to its glory!

LONGING

Longing takes us up on wings,
Images ideal things—
Charmed, the heart soars up and sings.
As it clings.
All the shackles loose and fall—
Duties, worries, burdens, all
Vanish, at the mystic call,—
We're in thrall!
Keep your longings, long for aye,
Lighten earth with fairy sky—
Visions of the bye-and-bye
In a sigh!

TRUST

In proportion as we trust Thee
Do we Love Thee, deep and true.
Heaven's standard! Mortal's standard!
Flooding earth with spirit new.

WHAT WAS IT?

What was it that rested my soul?
What was it that caused me to sigh?
What wafted all cares
Away on the airs,
With its melody up in the sky?
A dream in the throat of a bird,
And I heard.

What was it that caused me to weep?
That bore me with wings up on high?
All tearless before,
I wept all the more
At the gleam of the love in an eye.
A heart in a song without words
Like the birds.

What was it transfigured the soul?
And swept all the world in its sea?
The knowledge of God
Redeeming the clod
And lifting the you and the me.
In bending all, *all* to Thy will,
"Peace, be still."

It matters not what is to come,
I have seen! I have seen the Divine!
All life hath details,
But God never fails.
Forever now Thy will be mine!
Sweet songs, loving duties to do,
Hold me true.

BROKEN HEARTS

My little heart has broken,
Has broken many times!
Yet mind and spirit rally,
And still sing loving chimes.

ALWAYS IN LOVE

Oh why am I always in love?
The answer is easy to see—
For God has made lavishly,
Souls that are lovely,
And made an appreciative me.

TRUE LOVE

I

True love is longing that the loved one
Shall obtain just what he would;
Effaced the lover, not to move him,
Never daring dream we could.

A spirit link for everlasting!
March of fate, breathlessly dear!
Though lone, not lonely, tho' love-fasting,
Some hour has struck—a God is near.

II

Though we live in the ideal,
Yet to go thro' life love-fasting
When we still live in the real;
Noble souls their pure love casting

May be scanting God and Nature.
One deep love proves others fine!
Give yourself, where all is worthy,
Love is human—thus divine.

THE MEANING OF LOVE

I KNOW now the meaning of love;
How blind was the thing that I gave
In earlier feelings of youth!
A love immature it was then,
A love more responsible now.

Ah, that was the rudderless kind,
Unsettled, unseeing, it groped.
Was fickle; or wrestling, was lost;
All ready to grow, but O where?
Unripe, for the soul was unripe,
An Undine was waiting her call.

And now with Life's lessons, there comes
The why of a soul in its growth:—
And never to force or impede
But let every life slow unfold.

And if a warm spirit appears
Sustaining and soothing and fine,

And prays for exchange with your own,
Congenial in temperament,
And noble, directing your force,
And feeling the help that you give,
There's sanction of God to the plan.
Then safe is the answer with Him!
And Heaven will justify both!

THROUGH LOVE TO DUTY, THROUGH DUTY TO LOVE

Love, Life gave me,
So I took it.
Love, stern "duty," proved to be.
Hope's eternal—
Trust it ever!
"Duty," drew me unto thee.

Does God mean it?
Dare I take it?
Is this love then all for me?
Joy eternal!
Dare I say it?
Love, then drown me in thy sea!

YOUNG LOVE

Suddenly, there was a mortal,
One of many, one for me!
Simply sat he there before me,
Unasked, unlooked-for, chance-born, he.

A velvet-soft electric beam shot,
Wistful, rev'rent, oh so good!
From out the windows of his spirit,
Lordly claiming, as love should.

Yet dragged the months, yes years, of testing
Lest we should not obey that text—
Wait, elfish god of golden fetters!
God of goodness, solve what next?

PRAYER

Only pray Thou solv'st it my way,
Oh! my Father, grant me this!
Must all mortals wait for heaven
Ere they find full heavenly bliss?
Love, warm love, each day renewing
Human love and human kiss—
I'll not fail Thee: know Thy child, Lord—
I'll not serve Thee less, for this.

GOD'S MYSTERY

I

It is not that I do not trust Thee,
Only trust is not enough.
I must be content in trusting,
Yet content will not bide near
Till from out the unsolved mystery
Grow the meanings marching clear.
When the heart feels All is with it,
And subtle glamour glorifies,
Then the mystery clings charming
As a lens which magnifies.
But when cold the heart is sinking,
With just a fluttering hope that frights,
Ah, the mystery is numbing
As it stalks through sleepless nights.

II

TOO HIGH FOR RIVALRY

Do you love him, then as I do?
And thus loving would resign him?
And accept the fate God gives you?
Ah, poor girl, my heart is heavy,
Sobs for you, and sighs for me.
Might one die and end the sorrow!

On life's bosom both are hurled.
Thus a brave and saddened spirit
Struggles lonely through the world.
It has been my fate to suffer,
Is your anguish, too, as long?
Which of us can mount its cry?
Take him, dear girl, help him grandly.
Seek God's truth through earth and sky.
Lord, help Thou Thy weary children,
Guide Thou him—we dare not try.

III

UNION

Yet were he strong enough to battle
With saddened past, toward every truth.
Were he nobler than the noblest,
Earnest man from zealous youth—
And were his love as staunch as truth is,
And were his purpose writ as clear,
Steadfast, thoughtful, helpful, reverent—
Ah, we'd gain, thou comrade near!
Together serve our God and Maker,
Together win our brothers on,
Do our mite to bring the Kingdom—
Hail the consecrated throng,
Ring the victory of the highest!
Sing the deepest thrilling song!

IV

DESTINY

A soul is greater than conditions,
Essential need is God alone,
All the rest are stepping-stones
Leading up to spirit realm.
Oft men tie themselves to others
And neglect the higher life—
When the tide sweeps off these others,
Heart and spirit close in strife.
With groping hands, on bended knees,
They seek the rudder on life's seas.
Saddened; comforted; *Inspired!*
Incidents are to the soul
But the means, and not the end—
But the guides, and not the goal.

IN MY HEART

There are often times when with thee
That I doubt not that thee loves me,
When a flash of restful certainty so soothing
calms my cares,
When I feel that we're united,
That thee loves me deeply surely;
All the joyousness and wonder of this life the
other shares.

But the're times, too, when we've parted,
Leaving with me, nascent craving,
And a disappointed feeling that so much has been withheld,
That I've given and not gotten;
That response is still uneven;
Freest spirit, all outpouring, has been scattered or been quelled.

These long years of knowing thee, dear,
With their flashing light and darkness,
Surely give me all the intuition any woman needs.
Were thee going to love me, truly,
I should think thee'd know it, duly,
Or—but is the love that's fathomless, a love that slowly feeds?

And I wonder whether always
One side loves, loves more, and deeper?
Is my nature more intense than thine or is thine sure but slow?
Yet I feel that thine is stronger,
Why then does it take thee longer?
Could another diff'rent spirit cause in thee a nobler glow?

Yet I think my love's eternal,
Asks a less return, if only

Sure that it inspires a happiness as great as any could.
Pray thee, have all care in choosing
If my winning be thy losing
Then this love which I bear for thee shall forever be withstood.

For I pray this love shall always
Make me joy to see thee happy,
Where, and how, and with whomever it shall be thy joy to be.
We are both through God unfolding,
All that's noble helps in moulding;
Trusting Him and someone else, I live in loving Him and thee.

FAREWELL

Farewell! I scorn to take a love that flows not free!
No half of heart, or half of wish or will, for me!
But place your all—exchanged for mine—before our God.
Or ask for nought from me, and leave the way I trod.

No outward force demands or asks or begs or pleads,
Alone a sympathetic whole-souled feeling leads;
Command I not this realm complete and free from you?
Then leave me mortal here, and seek for souls who do.

A self-surrender longed-for, is the true love-bond,
For neither life nor death can change that feeling fond.

THEN TRY ME, LORD!

Then Try me, Lord, and I'll not shun!
Oh help me prove, "Thy will be done."
Since Time began, brave feet have trod,
The man of men is child of God!

Thy child I'll prove, and do Thy will,
Tho' lacking earth-love, lonely still,
Yet lonely? No! My Guide, with Thee
I live in love, a flooding sea!

DULL HEARTS

Oft hearts have times so dull,
They neither love nor hate—
They play a neutral part—
And simply hibernate.

After great exertion,
Bodies need a rest.
After deeply thinking,
Sweet rest wraps our brain.
After ardent loving,
Feelings lapse, or wane.

SPRING

Out, out to the warm heart of Nature
With you, my unselfish strong friend—
Joy weaving in brilliantest sunshine
Our romance with heavenly end.

Bright blue the clear skies of our Eden,
Italian soft dream-zephyrs fan,
Like breath of the pure orange-blossoms
Is love that is holy in man.

Then here's to the sacred in living!
And here's to the sanctified ties!
True love consecrated in Heaven
Like righteousness high, never dies!

Oh swear not, but only God willing
In living and loving, there must
Between us, mount greater forever
Sweet loyalty, love and deep trust.

I love thee, oh love, how I love thee!
If God or your heart said me, no,
I love thee so much I'd renounce thee—
Still smiling I'd bless thee, and go.

MATE

Thy dark beauty enthralls me,
Thy bright temper attunes me,
All our tastes are close-woven.
Thou hast culture and learning,
And far seeing, can lead me.
Simple charm makes thee winning,
Self-control makes thee master.
Sweet, thy heart is rest's haven,
Yet thy mind urges onward
Toward perfection, relentless;

The ideal thy soul sees
And no compromise harbors,
Thou art my royal hero
And "a God," "in the germ!"

TO MY LOVE

Our hearts are little thirsty flowers
That drink in love like sun and dew.
We draw from an exhaustless source,
And pour it out on all, or few.

So though I make my little claim,
Thy flashing ray of love for mine,
I joy to see love's colors caught
From myriad rays of love's sunshine,
And bless each soul that gives to thee
Invigorating spirit-wine.

Guard sacred, sources whence love flows.
It helps toward all that's sweet and great.
All love giv'n thee, is richly mine!
And love is life, and love is fate.

'Tis strange! each joys in others' joy;
Each strengthens at some heard-of power;
For mystic wires lead currents through
A wondrous, interwoven dower.

Our hearts are little thirsty flowers
That drink in love like sun and dew.
I crave sweet love for many souls,
But most of all, dear heart, for you!

TRUST

My love-mate, thou for whom
The soul breathes sigh for sigh,
My life-mate linked, whose smiles
Dart sunbeams o'er my sky,
Before our God, hands-clasped,
We'll seek what's true and just:
And moulding our high aims
Keep perfect mutual trust.

IMMORTALITY

Only think how man has striven
An eternal place to hold!
Only think how God has given
Immortality three-fold!

For in body, mind, and spirit
Man can make immortal gains,
He bequeaths! He owns! Inherits!
While his God forever reigns.

Wisdom says, and spirit echoes
If you're worthy, do your part,
In your records, in your children,
Leave the impress of your heart.

Naught is lost, and all the effort
That you here on earth exert
Shall live on, begetting effort
Animating the inert.

Monuments of work and spirit
Stand and testify for you,
And you're strong as an immortal
In your children strong and true.

Children's children, and their children
All proclaim that still you live,
And the centres of your action
Spring anew, and impulse give.

Yet the *surest* are the children
Of the *spirit* and the *mind*—
Ever with your high ideals
Are these sanctuaries lined.

No one else can do your thinking,
All the others have their own;
Give your soul its full expression,
Specialize till you are shown!

Have you "vanished"? Then your spirit
In that land of mystery
Right begun, still on is working,
All from God through history.

Justifies you in the winning,—
Insures the end from the beginning,
So you're storming new-found portals
In the lands of the immortals!

TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES

No one is perfect
And no one complete;
How much better than others your lot!
Pick out the noble traits,
Herald them proudly,
To appreciate that which you've got.

Never look tearfully,
"Disagree cheerfully!"
Surely there's much on both sides.

Let personality,
Like a fatality,
Ebb on and flow on in tides.

Freest development
Means love's envelopment
Given, not forced, in the end.
Loosing, is holding one;
Trusting, not scolding one—
Surely, thus jealousies mend.

Praising the real, still
Live your ideal, till
Helping the other to join—
Letting him do it, in
His way, you're sure to win
Spiritual sympathy's coin.

Loyal forever be!
Traitors, oh never be!
Leading and loving, from both.
Light of Creator's plan,
Slowly revealing man,
Asks—consecration in troth.

LOVE

Oh, when I catch his eager step,
And hear his loving tone,
The vexing "worries" of the day
All far away are flown!
I only feel that he is mine,
And I his very own!
I glory in his noble strength,
And worship at his throne.

Bend shoulders, with your "burdens,"
Cry "sorrows," cry your pain!
But love, the lord of comforters,
But love, our lord, doth reign!

DEAR HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Dear Husbands and Wives, these conditions
Are not so important at all,
Adapt yourself where you now find yourself,
Human-soul, that is God's call.

And if the conditions are wretched,
Some lack of control makes the fault,
So think now just where you are selfish.
And call yourself up with a halt.

And how do you *use* these conditions?
For this is the thought you must keep.
Oh my, how much worse, too, it might be!
Then why in the world do you weep?

You drunkards, and men who are angry,
Insane men, and men who are weak,
Consult some true sage, or some doctor,
A stronger new self-control seek.

Strained nerves need a spiritual healer.
You're tired; then rest all you can,
But keep yourself faithful and loyal!
And temperaments can't mar the man!

Far vision can give you advice,
But then it depends upon you,
You promised progression together,
You said you'd be loyal and true.

Yes, short separations are good,
For any two living together;
Remember you two, are the ones,
Don't seek them for others, forever.

You long for more love and more pure,
This pure you'll get only from God,
Give pure, you'll get pure, from pure God-ness,
In God, man, or beast, or the clod.

And people are all much alike,
Other husbands and wives much the same;
You feel that it only is you?
No couple should think of that claim.

No other mate fills expectation,
We need souls unselfish and true,
Do you find that standard in him?
And neither he finds it in you.

But you'll find it in time in you both.
Must try, you must try, you must try!
Were't easy, t'were not worth the winning,
God calls you! 'Tis joyous to try!

Remember that far underneath
This rough crust is hidden the soul;
This soul is a part of God, growing,
And bound, in its time, for its goal!

So turn-to, make over yourselves,
You both must develop, take care,
And see that no matter what comes,
You learn just to bear and forbear.

I LOVE YOU

Our minds are often worlds apart,
With diff'ring methods, aims and art,—
And yet, and yet, I love you!

Our spirits, searching near or far,
May question who the perfect are.
But still, but still, I love you!

Our hearts are tender, warm and true,
In trust, evolving me and you.
And so, and so, I love you!

Not simply what you do or say,
Not solely what you are *to-day*,
My *future* you, I love you!

MARRIAGE

When we marry bodies merely,
We marry parts, not wholes;—
The completed perfect marriage,
Is the marriage of our souls!

HOW CAN I KEEP YOUR LOVE? HOW CAN YOU KEEP MINE?

'Tis ever love that leads man on,
And love glides after nobler soul;
More love and higher is our yearning,
At last we find in God our goal.

I want to keep your love forever?
Then I must pure and worthy prove,
For only in idealization
Lies ecstatic love!

Much so-called love is only pity,
Compassion, help, unselfish cheer,
But radiant love is adoration
For one nobler, held more dear.

If the standard then be lowered,
Adoration glides away;
Friendly feelings may be given,
Ecstatic love can no more stay.

The soul aspires and must, forever;
High souls draw hearts as sure as fate!
We see a better soul, our heart soars,
Sings, and grows to this estate.
But then a higher still, is sought for,
All unconscious or perceived,

For thus we're led up to our God-hood
Drawn and lifted and retrieved.

Ah, you can lift me, you can lead me,
By your conduct noble, pure;
Each spark of God in you I cherish,
Honor, worship, they endure!

BE RESPONSIBLE, OH MAN!

Be responsible, each one!
Don't go weakly drifting on!
Be a man of God and not a careless boy!
Be responsible to self!
And thus to the God within!
So-called "sacrifice" is really greater Joy!

Never undertake a thing,
Unless you swear within your soul,
That you'll carry out your part unto the end.
And then see that this resolve
Is put full into your work,
Ev'ry energy within you toward this bend!

When you feel temptation strong,
And you know that it is wrong,
Then just turn about and walk the other way.
Choose a course that's noble, high!

And stick to it, though you die!
Harken only to what God and conscience say!

Perfect work and perfect life!
Perfect husband! Perfect wife!
Perfect father, mother, brother, sister, son!
Hold this thought, and this ideal!
For 'tis yours to make it real!
You can do it, for 'tis God who calls you on!

V

A GLIMPSE OF GOD THROUGH LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

HERE'S TO OUR FRIENDS!

We've homes, and fond hearts, and near kindred,
Our Maker, we thank Thee who lends.
Enduring and strong are these home ties,
But, toast-master, here's to our Friends!

So held in our dear lines familiar,
We truly forgot that we could
Say, "Here's to our lovely 'outsiders' "!
Ah, wine of the spirit, how good!

And into our skies breaks a lightning
Astounding, and vividly bright;
Oh, magic! the circuit is rounded,
And heaven high bursts on our sight!

To prove us, refresh and inspire us,
To walk where high spirits have trod,
To light up great reaches of wonder
In mounting the pathway to God!

So after our loves—the home-circle—
Thou tenderest Parent who sends
All glory—the gold and the star-light,
Grant friendship, heroic sweet friends!

THE SYMPHONY

Ah, there's a face, I once knew well!—
With train of crowding thought;
And here's a song, whenever sung,
With presence sweet is fraught.

How many scenes in busy life
Bring worlds back, from the past;
Oft bitter-sweet, yet all so sweet;
And somehow, all will last.

For each new step that life has brought
Has meanings of its own,
And ev'ry note that rings, through life,
Swells large the grand full tone.

DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP

Held in a fog bank of mystery,
Each soul dwells alone and apart;
Yet in time will it burst its frail curtain,
Thrilling many another strong heart.

Soul, wouldst thou fly thy cramped prison?
Lo, thy warden with secret keys see!
Divine spirit is claiming thy coming,
It demands the *divine* that's in thee.

SPIRITUAL LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP

If our spirits are blended in quest,
We shall know.
If our hearts are a-tune and at rest,
We shall grow.
The wine-of-the-spirit gives zest,—
Kneel in prayer.
If we're living our highest and best,
God is there.
Such sweetness flows in that we're blessed,
And such power!
For true love in brave work is expressed,
From that hour.

SOULS

These wonderful limitless things,—
Unknown and unmeasured, on wings.
How dare I, how dare you, suggest
Development? What is the best?

SPIRIT HELD IN PHYSICAL LEASH

Ah, how the body yearns
For loving rich response,—
Like the craving of the drunkard for his draught.

A small meed lasts not long,
Then comes the quest for more,
Only are we satisfied the deeper that we quaffed.

These misdirected calls
Will rob the race of strength,
We will squander all the energy in store.

To escape it, up and act,
And help, and be a power,
You'll be nobler, you'll be stronger than before.

GOD'S CLOUD OF WITNESSES

How can we do a thing that's small,
Or drift in careless fashion,
Or lie, or steal, or fight at all,
Give way to selfish passion!
When all the noblest heroes, saints,
Loved friends of sweetest living,
In heaven's realm are looking on,
Beseeching prayers are giving!

The noblest part in heart of friend,
Is just the God-within him,
And this is what we truly love;
God wins us thus—we win Him!

Oh, God, that spark in each high soul,
Thou marvelous fatality!
Thou grand deep source whence springs all love,
Thou wondrous personality!

Look on our lives! look on our acts!
And loving us, thus aid us!
We raise our eyes to meet Thy gaze!
We're God-pure, as Thou made us!

THE SWEET STORY

I FEEL as I read the sweet page of saints' lives,
How God is now here among men;
He calls to men's souls in His clarion tones!
And all hearts must awake to Him then!

I feel that God's love is now touching my heart,
And His faith is now thrown around me;
The light is too great this full joy to attain;
Draw thy blind little children to Thee!

But strong, at His knighting, with prayer, we
may grow,
And win that rare joy of His love!
And if we now zealously serve him below,
We'll grow like Him and see Him above!

God in you, too, His beautiful place, would
prepare,
Rise glorified, washed and forgiven!
In the beauty of heart of the god-like souls here,
God is showing the Kingdom of Heaven!

I

THE SON TO HIS GOD

Oh, Father, still give Thou me strength,
Pour balm in my hungering heart,—
Oh, fill me, give comfort and hope,
Supply me soul-science, soul-art.

My spirit moves weary and slow,
Could speed to its goal had it power;
Commune with me, God, give my mind
God-consciousness hour by hour.

My heart must not tremble, but stand
Courageous and steadfast and sweet;
My mind must hold firm to the end.
The soul will prove sane and complete.

II

GOD TO HIS SON

Then rest, little heart of my heart,
And then peace, little soul of my soul,
Thou hast earned the "well-done,"
Oh, my consecrate son,
And God-consciousness always thy goal!

Thy heart fires all hearts but to serve,
With thy strength resting broadly on mine;
For no human tie could,
Were it ever so good,
Thus exalt like the Infinite God!

So rest, little heart of my heart,
And so peace, little soul of my soul,
Thou hast earned the "well-done"
Oh my strong, steadfast son,—
And communion with God is thy goal.

GOD NEAR

May Thy child who once thought Thee
So far off and above,
From now on find Thee near,
Sweet as cooing of dove,
In his heart feel Thy love!
Then no man can annoy,
For his soul sings with joy!

ACTION

Let Thy child who stood passive,—
Thinking Thou didst it all,
Know Thou long'st for his help,—
That the clarion call
Is Thy "voice," "still" and "small."
Let him rise to God-power!
'Tis his birth-right, his dower!

EACH IN HIS PLACE

For each heart finds its aim—
Seeks its destiny real,
Is essential as cog
In eternity's wheel,

Making other hearts feel!
In succession aspire!
Swept on higher and higher!

IRRESISTIBLE

She's the dearest little mortal that I know!
All her face with winning sweetness is a-glow,
For she opens wide the gates, and let's God show.

The calm power of her spirit leadeth mine,
From her soul her deep enthusiasms shine,
Oh! then, who could be resisting the divine?

So now, all you little maidens
Who would creep into our hearts,
There's a surer way to do it
Than through "Nature," or through "Arts."
Only make yourselves a pathway
Clear, for God's resistless power.
Be assured, that path established,
You lead legions from that hour.

TO MARY K.

Flitting fancies steal at sight of thee,
Mary, dainty bit of glowing porcelain!
Thou hint of pansies, purple, with dark eyes!
A playmate fit for slender dappled fawn,
Within an English garden, with elms American!
Whence comes that wondrous fire that burns?
Those eyes, so eager, so alert, so true?
A holy stillness guards thy potent soul;
Timid, but 'till it hears the clarion call.
Then like an arrow to its mark it flies,
With purity of thought stripped clean of compromise,
And all thy will a wealth of rectitude.
Oh, thou with quality of soul to which we kneel
Be ever guide and lover and our friend.

ETERNAL LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP

I must not find centre in you?
But I'm bound to find centre in God!
'Tis the God in the you that I love,
Found above, you in God, pure the love!
And a love that is larger than matter
Has reason for being, in soul.
'Tis a love all in line with God's love,

And finding, here's part of my goal, a noble and
spiritual goal!
Then matter's subdued 'neath my feet,
Love's safe with our God where we meet!

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is not food for babes!
It leads us to our God-like goals;
It is not for luxuriant bodies,
Friendship is for *living souls!*

SOULS' MATES?

Does each soul have one mate? I don't know!
I'm inclined to think every soul,
With all others, through some of life's flow,
Here, or yet on eternity's scroll,
Is mated.

Now with these, now with those, we progress,
Any two help each other with power,
If but on the same aim, they lay stress,
With the emphasis like, ev'ry hour,
Thus mated.

Here on earth, we must keep perfect faith,
Be responsible, in ev'ry place,
The hereafter is mine, our God saith,
All pure love will be saved to His race!
'Tis fated!

MARRIAGE MATES

Marriage may be perfect marriage,
Perfect friendship, perfect love;
If completed in a life-time,
Or complete in heaven above!

FRIENDSHIP MATES

Friendship's never perfect marriage,
Found on earth or found above,
Friendship is not perfect marriage,
Friendship may be perfect love!
Expressed in terms of spirit love!

PERFECT UNIONS

All relationships are parts of God's great whole.
May we make each one *ideal*
As a record on the scroll!
There may be perfect union of body, mind and soul;
Or union be, of only mind and soul.
Thus souls'-mates may be marriage-mates,
Or friendship-mates remain;
Perfect marriage, perfect friendship, too, our goal!

ONLY SPIRITUAL FRUITAGE IN LOFTY FRIENDSHIP

Friendship purifies of passion,
We see large in unselfish fashion.
Now the *soul* soars forth and sings,
Wide the gates of spirit flings!
The God within us bursts his bonds!
And mystic powers wield their wands!
Space extends beyond conditions,
Lights for us God's lovely visions!
All the future we may see,—
Time becomes eternity!

THE DIVINITY OF MAN

Growing purer, exalted and high,
Unselfish love never can die.
It is living and proving heart-histories,
That make up our lives' deepest mysteries,
And our love just as full and as free
As true love can possibly be,
With space-limits that mankind confine
Is part of Thy love, Father, Thine.
More, ever more, give us more!
Is the cry of the human soul.
Limitless, utterly boundless,
Is the scope of the human goal.
With this proof that our Soul is Divine
Must it burst forth and blossom in Thine.

"Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created."
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

What do all men long for?
Earnestly they search.
Why is every human heart in nascent state?
Yearning, calling, needing;
Always searching, seeking,
Stepping always onward, but learning still to wait.

The "great unrest" is seething:—
Life's warp and woof have weaving
To a limitless eternity, from a limitless unknown.
The universe expanding!
Is there then no ending?
Stage on stage we're mounting, and blending with our own.
Eternal laws are acting,
In unity compacting,
Material, mental, moral, or spiritual, the realm,
The evolution grand and gradual,
And God's love at the helm!

THE SOUL'S SEARCH

We push the bounds of time,
We pierce the bonds of space,
Enlarge the realm of thought,
And purify the love!
'Tis thus we gain and grow,
'Tis thus we blend in God;
We'll never cease enlarging more
Our mind and soul in God!

LOVE AND THE MANDATES OF SOUL

"The waking echo of the heart to the mandates of the riper soul, with the up-looking love inseparable from such secret sympathy."—*James Martineau.*

Ah, yes, Love indeed conquers the whole of mankind—
And yet, not fleeting passions of immature mind,
But the passion of passions, when all must conform,
For the presence of God sweeps our world like a storm.

On the chain of those precious gems, known as men's souls,
With their myriad flashings, like fiery coals,
Is the dazzling diamond clasp,—we call God.

We adore from the first, those who forward have trod,
And all human the pathway that leads us to God.
How those souls far ahead hold our hearts in their thrall,
While the souls just behind are a-waiting our call.

And these souls that, clear-eyed, draw us on to
our God
Are all shining with halos, of heaven bestowed.
Now conviction and purpose are writ on our
scroll,
For our hearts are awake to the mandates of
soul.

Comes a sympathy sacred, up-looking the love,
For our spirits are bathed in the glory above;
See the holy of holies has entered our soul.

Dare intrude on no sanctity due each young
soul,
As we draw to God, helping; all parts of the
whole,
Ever onward, out-reaching, out-yearning, our
need,
As bud, blossom and fruit are the sequence of
seed.
Till we're deluged, our Father, immersed in the
flood
Of Thy light, and Thy love, and Thy purity,
God!

VI

A GLIMPSE OF GOD THROUGH RELIGION, OR PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION

JOY FOUND IN RELIGION

Young I was, and sought for love,
Yet love's yearning fire was chilled,
Sweet a mystic vision came,
With God, my awful dark was filled!

Then *conditions* all seemed petty,
God and *Soul* alone remained!
And no matter what the contest,
Soul with God-soul was sustained!

Now my life flowed on serenely,
Home and children, love and care,
Kinder love for each. More love
With God, and hourly Prayer!

Again, love strove to be *unselfish*,
And there burst a glowing *Joy*,—
Showed I never found Religion
Till I found Religion's *Joy!*

Now I yearned for Cosmic Vision!
And I sought God-Consciousness!
Worked *with* God, exulted *with* Him.
Joy! I'd found *Man's Happiness!*

THE VOICE WITHIN

At glad sunrise the voice within
Spake thus, and said,
"Oh son, speed forward to a glorious day,
The field is yours, the triumph yours,
And yours the way!"

At heated dusty noon, the voice
Spake still, and said,
"Oh, son, a steady pace, tho' slower gait,
Give up the work for self, and others
Serve and wait!"

The sun is low—a gorgeous west,
And east, and south,
And north. The voice says, "Turn, oh son, from self,
From others, to your God. The God within, the God throughout,—
Oh, everywhere 'tis God!"

THE SOUL-LIFE IN A PERSONAL GOD

Each life ascends a mountain slope,
Man climbs from foot to crown;
At each new rise a further glimpse
Of God's fair world is won.

Perhaps we reach a lovely height
When sunrise fair,
Or sunset rare,
Paints blue and golden-brown!

The art that does that tinting
Is more than mortal hand,
The brush which thus has gilded,
To man is magic wand!
God's work bursts full upon our gaze!
"Where's God?" we say.
We're looking on
His love, His beauty grand!

Each *heart* enfolds its heroes, saints,
In time all love grows pure;
The selfish passion and the greed
Will work their own best cure.
Perhaps we grow thus purified
At life's far rim,
When eyes are dim,
Or love of angels lures!

The heart that does this teaching
Has more than human love!
How fond a care is leading!
Who wings each tiny dove?

Ah, blind our selfish loving,
For who are we
Who do not see
Love Infinite above!

The *mind* grows strong, with wider grasp
From normal youth to age.
Associations simple, clear,
Lift reason stage by stage.
Through these enlarging cycles
Wise law abides;
Life's unified
To clear-eyed seer and sage.

A mind directs our careful thoughts,
Far-visioned, wise, benign,
And in this helpful training
We trace a great design.
No man conceives so large a plan!
By day, by night,
Glows clear God's light,
Life's law and logic shine!

Man can't conceive landscapes or men
Without great plan of loving mind.
To Some-One is this plan attached,
God personal we find,

God Infinite. And finite, too,
He shines in me,
He shines in you,
Adored, near, tender, kind!

A personality fathomless,
Love, beauty, wisdom, pow'r,
Ah, this is God! Man's heart, mind, soul
Delve deep each eon's hour—
Evolving through eternity,
Man's soul nears God,
God's light lifts man,
From seed to godlike flower!

With mind and heart thus blended true,
The *soul* aspires and grows;
A loving sympathy it gives,
A helpfulness it knows.
Each tired heart
Can do its part
As *soul* thus joyous glows!

And God is calling to this Soul
In tones clear, sweet and strong,
The soul soars radiant at the sound!
God called him all along!

His eyes and heart and mind were blind,
But now at last
Has vision burst!
God-conscious, hear his song!

SONG,—ON TO GOD!

Lo, He's marking on the hill-slopes,
And He's writing on your soul,
So large that you may read it
As you're dashing to your goal!

Draw your rein, and plant a tear-drop,
For 'twill blossom in a smile;
Ah, you see your life was shallow?
Now 'twill deepen all the while!

See the charger that you're riding
Has assumed a nobler mien,
And you're speeding up to God-hood,
Rainbowed hills and vales between.

Ring, ye steeple-bells, exultant!
Warm all eager hearts abroad,
For men joyously are answering
The reveillé from God!

"WHAT DO I KNOW?"

Of life, this is the gist:
Seek truth, and not the sham,
Be brave, and not a shrinker,
I know that *I exist!*
I think, and so I am,
For thought doth prove a thinker.

I'm more than body, more,
And more than mind alone,
A "*Soul,*" but not full-grown!

A mind's clear thinking, should
Trace good things to God's good;
Hearts loving to God's love,
And true things to God's truth.

For Truth, and Love, and Good,
Imply, the larger *source;*—
This logic perfect, sure,
Points out through God, our course!
And we are God's long thoughts,
His thought doth prove He thinks.
He thinks, and so HE IS!

And evermore I reach
To know my God, and soul;
I try to make THESE BLEND!

And all things help to teach
That I may find my goal,
All perfect, in the end.

IN HOW MANY WAYS DO I KNOW THE DIVINE?

In how many ways do I know the Divine?
My Father adored, whom I long most to serve?
I know Him by instinct; I find Him by logic;
And through mystic visions I long to deserve!
Loved luminous visions from which I'll not swerve!

First, natural impulse on physical lines;
Then, logic of inference, cold mental realm;
Third, joyous clear spiritual insight gives vision!
This universe-ship has our God at its helm!
'Tis we help to steer, but our God's at the helm!

The natural impulse, the nature of man
Is God-ward, is God-ly, aspires to the best;
Thus seeks the ideal benignity, wisdom,
And finds it in God who alone is man's quest:
Although man oft knows it not, God is man's quest.

Man blindly feels unselfish purpose in laws,
He sweetens and rises in poise and control,
Nobility felt, and then lived-out makes stronger.
'Tis truly so natural man's God-growing soul.
God's will dawns and grows in man's God-growing soul!

By *logic* I know, Le Dieu est parce qu'Il pense,
I reason God is, for His great thoughts I see;
The universe purposeful! throbbing with meaning!
Thus guiding and leading all things which there be,
Evolving, uplifting all things which we see!

So intellect strengthens my instinct and impulse,
And buttressed about is my knowledge of God.
My brain says with sanction, "God then is the Unity."
Mind stands before the true source of all, awed!
And sees all is logic! a wholeness! is awed!

Then comes a great *vision*, bursts brilliant before me—
Encompassing soul-light; benignant large peace!
Such ripe understanding! such knowledge of soul-needs!

Behold my Omnipotent! Love ne'er to cease!
Light, joy, pow'r and pity, and love ne'er to cease!

Vibrations of energy, brilliant-light streaming,
Impinge on my body, mind, soul in their sway;
I see God, I feel Him, I know Him, I love Him;
Ah! how I will serve Him, for *this* is the way!
Now joyous co-working! Ah! *this* is the way!

Then find God in self and in man and in nature,
Hold God up to each as his ultimate soul!
A part of this All-ness! this strong-ness! this sweet-ness!
A perfect part each of his God at the goal!
One seeks God direct, and finds God is All-Soul,
Vitalizing each part, pervading the whole!

I KNOW I'M IMMORTAL

I KNOW the Divine, so I know I'm immortal,
My faith makes me sure that He'll not lose a soul;
My intellect argues if matter's not lost,
Then surely not soul, quite as much, to the whole.

The form of all matter is changing in cycles,
So spirit grows mounting in spirals toward God!
Its pathway, oh, then, we're eternally seeking,—
Adoring! Co-working! Exultant, and awed!

We're made individual, do we stay so forever?
The same individual, loving, beloved?
Spirit vision informs me those dear ones gone forward
Who communed with us first, vaguely higher have soared.

They impress us as largely, but wider their influence,
Too petty, too narrow, too selfish are we;
They've cast off their fetters, we hold ours too fondly
Their perfect communion to know and to see.

As spirit grows nobler, far-visioned, unselfish,
Expanding personality grows like unto God;
Ne'er lost is the loving, the love, or the serving!
But wid'ning its circle with purity broad!
With faith and clear logic *the how* learn from God!

UNSELFISHNESS

Can you claim to be unselfish?
Do you sacrifice for others?
Do you sacrifice for others 'cause you must?
Or do you love to do it?
And to give your whole soul to it?
Do you love to be to people more than just?

Could you yield yourself up fully?
After death, submerge your selfhood?
Merge your selfhood, if 't should prove the common call?
If step by step we're gaining,
In unselfishness attaining,
Here may be a step unselfish, for us all.

EVIL AND FREE-WILL

Our God, all-wise, all-loving Father, richly ours,
The One, the Infinite, Eternal Spirit, Thou,
From whom springs man with all his rare prophetic powers,
How largely Thou dost love him, dost endow!

From Thee—Thy Will—springs all, springs matter, spirit, mind,
All energy in each of these three realms expressed,
Earth, tree, and beast and all mankind
Evolving grandly upward in eternal quest.

God stamps each individual, each a unit he,
Responsible within his range, henceforth is each,
A pow'r within its limits—true democracy—
A like condition all the realm of law doth teach.

And this free-will is free yet bound, is bound yet free,
And let man do his worst, God's large plans shall endure,
Man can but check, distort, and thus can Evil be,
But still in everlasting arms is man secure!

And God will yet this man, His miscreant son, reclaim,
Let so-called "evil" rough-shod ride him, bleeding, down,
His God still holds the battered shape,—the goal's the same,
For God permits the cross, but plans the crown!

And just so long as spirit's held in leash, in man,

Doth man insist that he is bound, and rests on fate,
But as man God-ward tends, and doth the future scan,
There bursts upon him freedom, large; and joy, so great

That now, man's will grows God's, God's will lights man's,
And radiant, more and more toward God, this man doth tend;
And all man's zealous effort, his God-conscious plans,
Directed are, to make men's souls with God-Soul blend.

As driver keeps control, yet gives the horse rein free,
Or teacher off'ring choice, still drops suggestions wise;
So God gives freedom, too, as fast as man can see,
But guards the man while growing, as destined for the skies.

As when your child comes asking, and ever, more and more,

If best, you give, rejoicing; if not, you must withhold,
Of goods, of love, of truth, from your much larger store,
So 'tis with God, our Father, a thousand thousand-fold!

Oh! God, Thou mystic vision! Love, with depth undreamed!
All light and peace and understanding 'round about me!
Ev'rywhere is ev'rything for ev'ryone—it streamed—
And we may take, if right, from Thee Our Boundless Sea!

THE LOGIC OF INFERENCE

We now melt at kindness, and marvel at love,
What raptures ecstatic must greet us *above!*

We dream of the magic and glory of Heaven!
Who know of the sunsets and rainbows of Earth!

Hushed expectancy waits for the myst'ry of Death!
For us ever awed at the Wonder of Birth!

All men after *heroes* have loyally trod,
Ah, how they shall triumph exultant with *God!*

WHOLESOME MENTAL FOOD

I've always loved the saddest poems,
And even when a little child,
I think they forced reaction healthy,
When often melancholy styled.

But 'tis not well to dwell on sorrow,
And stay relaxed in awful doom;
Around the shadow bursts the sunshine,
Joy must scatter ev'ry gloom!

And I believe that wholesome reading,
Altho' oft harrowing and sad,
Should make you walk up to the hill-top!
And leave you true, and strong, and glad!

WHAT DO MEN LIVE FOR?

What do men live for?
They live to seek God!
Are they conscious of this?
Yes, when agèd and broad.

First, they seek goods,
Thinking thus they seek good,
Corner'd, weeping, God-conscious,
Last, joyous, seek God!

TWO GOOD MEN

One,
A peace-maker, one beloved of man,
For he was a kindly Samaritan:
Patient, and tender, and tireless, till
He taught them to strengthen a weaker will.

Another,
He fought to better all wrongs he saw,
A reformer zealous, he forced a law:
Often hated, intrepid still
He helped them in spite of their blocking will.

One loved all men, all men loved him;
One loved all men, their hate made him grim!

One enlightened them man by man.
On masses the other's large influence ran.

Now which was really the lover of man?
Both you say, and I hold it's true.

Shall we graft the tree? or hack and hew?
Heart and brain together grown
Can always do more than either alone.

MORE LIGHT, MORE LOVE

I NEED more light, my Father,
For suddenly I fail;
Though seeing, mists surround me,
Intentions seem so frail!
Melt, oh, melt this haze away,
Clear, shine clear, oh, Sun, all day!

Pour me more love, my Father,
Fill full the Holy Grail;
That I, in turn, may love more,
And loving never pale.
For brooding love for all, I yearn,
Return, God's love for all, return!

O WHERE?

O WHERE is the sympathy longed for?
O where, understanding of heart?—
Large and many the lapses of mortals—
I seek God, and these fountains all start!

You, too, long for sympathy sorely?
You, too, understanding of heart?
Ah, dear God, let me give to this brother
A tender and fatherly part!

GOD'S WAY

Whenever need is real,
It surely will be met;
Reaction starts a striving,
And what man needs, he'll get.

Let man distort, create a need,
God teaches man to meet it;
Until the void is filled, his God
Will help the man complete it.

And whether in a single life,
Or whether for a race,
God manifests, in each man's soul
And in each age and place.

Be sure you're yearning deeply,
To find *what God calls light;*
He'll satisfy completely,
He'll show you what is right.

But cast off hindrances!
Your prayer intensely true!
You must be greatly earnest!
Then God will come to you,
In stillness shine in you.

DUTY AND LOVING SERVICE

I HATE you, duty!
You've no heart!
Depart!

Loving service
Here's my hand!
Command!

DUTY MADE LOVING SERVICE

COLD duty is crushing!
Loving service is joyous!
To make duty lovely is what I must try.
I see this so clearly,
O help me more nearly,
To see as God sees, purpose joyous and high!

Like Lincoln, scan each man
With interest kindly,
See large possibilities! Spark of Divine!
Give credit! Help onward!
Awaken the best in him!
There's destined for each soul nobility fine!

So love The Divine,
That all service is blissful,
Help *all* of His children, for wide is God's field!
Give love, where there's hatred!
Compassion, for anger!
Ask God how He does this, His love be your shield!

DUTY MADE EASILY LOVING SERVICE

For untold years our poor old world has heard of duty,
For untold years, though groaning, done its duty well;
But now the vision of our near and loving Father,
Shows us radiant heaven for the old and outworn hell,
Shows us no more cold and hard and wearing duty,

But a chance to do a loving service here,
For a loving God we love beyond expression,
Whose Love and Joy we hold above all dear.
No sacrifice is here when love is pure, unselfish.
God and soul are *real; conditions* are the toy,
Our corner is a paradise of regal *Vision*—
No sorrow here; with God we glory,—all is
growth and Joy!

MAN IS DIVINE

Our Father, may we clearly see
That we, like Thee, may God-like be.
All love we trace to some heart dear,
'Tis all from Thee,—love's source; how near
Must be Thy heart to each child-heart,
Thy soul the whole, each soul a part.

Dear God, give *me* my magic wand,—
Of vision far, and wondrous plan,—
That I may wield it with such grace
That radiant joy takes sorrow's place,
That duty, loving service prove,
And all my wish, like Thine, be love.

In every thought and act each day,
I have my chance this wand to sway,

And uplift find in every pain,
And turn each hardship into gain.
With love like Thine my heart shall beat,
And all the bitter render sweet:
That all the hard and angry tones
May melt into Thy purest ones.
So help each child of Thine to see
His soul has God-like majesty!
Each hand in Thine, shall tune its lyre,
And joy to serve! Each heart on fire!

Were we a child of royal blood,
We'd live as every noble should;
How true, how pure, how great, how good
On finding we're a child of God!
So through our greater loyalty
We'll prove our nobler royalty:
With soul and heart and hand in Thine,
We'll prove Thou made us! We're Divine!

GOD'S BENIGNITY

I MARVEL at sight of God's beautiful balance!
The balance of laws in His plan!
So arranged as to meet every possible shifting,—
Just *suggests* comprehension to man!

Altho' it all counts, makes life easy or harder,—
Whether soiled man's garments, or sodden his sin,—
God so loves His child, so benign is God's purpose,
Thro' man's god-like nature, God compels man to win!

GODLIKE

You and I are godlike in nature,
You and I are made of God-grace;
Now we see how our free-will aspiring,
'Comes God's will! and heav'n is our place.

You and I have a godlike nature,
For we're leavened with God's own soul;
We're bound to grow more and more godly
As time into eons shall roll!
With our free-will and godlike nature,
Man's will must be God's will at goal,
Gray mists rolling off may reveal us
Perfect parts of a great perfect whole!

COME UP TO THE HILLS OF VISION

Lo, the valley of worry, cold duty and pain
Is the place where most people unthinking remain.

Ah, we'll try for God-Vision, and climb to the heights!
And joy floods our day-times, stretches through our dim nights.

For the vision that's clear, and the thought that soars high
See the glory and grandeur of God in the sky,—

Yonder purple and gold is His regal estate!
Streaking sunset with Presence, the hillside His slate.

From now on, from all selfishness risen above,
Strong and tender we'll mount to His vision of love!

Yea, the habit of God's loving service we'll don,
Opportunity great ever calling us on!

Oh, then lead us, Our Father, each day and each hour!
Thy love fires our rapt souls, and bursts forth with Thy power!

VISION

FATHER, give me vision now,—
Soaring mounts my soul to Thee!
Here and ev'rywhere art Thou,
Where so e'er Thou art, lead me!
Till my love like Thine in scope,
Touches all in joyous hope!
Till my faith like Thine can see
All is ever nearing Thee!
Till my joy o'er all shall burst,
Wonder-filled, in rev'rence lost!
Seeing all Thy marvel wrought!
Soul on soul in rapture caught!

VISION-JOY

I LONG for far-vision! God-vision!
I long to hold firm to this light!
'Tis shining!
I see it!

Possess me! Obsess me! I love Thee!
To serve Thee! What Joy is in sight!
Thy helper!
I'll be it!

GOD IS JOY

From our fulness of heart we pour forth our
true praise,—
All our love finding Thine turns to joy and to
serve,—
See all beautiful nature is singing Thy beauty!
Our hearts like true magnets from Thy heart
won't swerve!
And our minds seeking Thine, much of wisdom
may master!
Our souls with sails set, leap to Thine as our
goal!
Thou art Infinite Loving and Infinite Wisdom!
Thou art Infinite Rapture, great Infinite Soul!

OH, LET THE GOD WITHIN UNFOLD!

As lustrous films from God-land come we,
Will-o-the-wisps, we go astray.
God's laws of progress lead us onward
From downward to the upward way,
Discovering our divine allegiance.
And Love Divine, this love doth say,—
Thus constituted individual, I will set this
soul-light free,
'Tis of my love, and through this yearning love,

Back it must grow to me!
Thus shall we evolve,
Evolving with us in our growth,
Matter and mind, or energy,
For into energy are transmuted matter, mind and soul.
And holy love in time will make
Our soul so rare, unselfish,
That this unselfishness,
This universality, will grow a God.
As God, our soul will share with God,
In thus creating Intelligent-Divinity,—
From all matter and mind, from all energy,
Evolved by means of individualized soul-light,—
Gods we will create through all eternity
Of time and space, and power and love.

I DON'T THINK I'VE TOLD YOU

I DON'T think I've told you,
Of half of the great charm,
That living with God has for me!
It makes hard times petty,—
But everything sacred;
You try it, and then you will see!

I don't think I've told you
Of half of the great joy,

That loving with God has for me!
It makes me love people,
In more the right way, dear,
You try it, and then you will see!

JOY WITH GOD

Inspired by souls nobler,
Who onward have trod,
Oh my greatest of pleasure,
Is loving with God!
Is loving,
Is serving,
Is loving with God!

Helping all the trend upward,
With self-control shod,
O my greatest of happiness—
Working with God!
Is working,
Is planning,
Is working with God!

Pouring light in men's souls,
Or at toil on the sod,
Satisfaction of spirit
Is vision with God!
Is vision,

Is seeing,
Is vision with God!

Seeing others illumined,
And life nobly trod,
My highest of ecstasy,
Joying with God!—
Is joying,
Rejoicing,
Is joying with God!

And when life shall be over,
From cradle to sod,
Oh, my royalest yearning
Is going to God!
Is going,
Is growing,
Is going to God!

HEAVEN

'Tis sweet to make Heav'n here on earth
This is why God gave us birth;
But after loving service here,
A sweeter, larger service There!

TO MAMMA *

Serene and strong and beautiful,
And serious and kind,
All the world would love to claim thee,
Mother-mine.
Thy soul that sees the distant, too,
Thy balancing of mind
We come to thee as justice,
We are safe in hands of thine.
Teach us how to follow after,
Mother-mine.

The wee one christened by thee, here,
And, for thee, in rich love,
May she evolve as sweetly
As she looks to th' hills above,
And to thee, our lofty mountain,
Sunny crowned, with breezes fanned,
With noble brow so snowy,
Standing clear and calm and grand.

We love thee, lovely mother,
Show us how to serve thee best.
Teach us where the world needs helping,
Needs comforting, needs rest.

* Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, D. D. On a family occasion of her eightieth birthday and her christening of her granddaughter.

And our ideals, make them
The simplicity you chose,
As our eighty years win onward,
Give us of thy sweet repose.

OUR PIONEER

1911

This mother of ours, is of eighty-six summers,
And eighty-six winters, as each of us knows.
In her eyes see the eighty-six summers are dancing,
And on her clear brow are the eighty-six snows.

A year up in Mars is just two years with us?
Then mother in Mars would be just forty-three?
The loveliest age for all sorts of success!
Not riding, but running an auto, she'd be!

More fair than on earth, more young than in Mars,
Must be all the souls up in Heav'n I ween.
I think we will find if we peep thro' the curtain
When Mamma reaches Heav'n, she'll be just sweet sixteen!

Then think of the ages of infinite time!
And think, as still growing, her beautiful soul!
Through millions of May-times, ah, still we'll adore her,
As onward the eons on eons shall roll!

But the knowing she's with us, makes work greatly stronger,
Her four earthly children still need her I ken!
Divine Father, long, long may we have her, our mother,
Long, ere at Thy taking, we must say Amen!

So speaking or writing, still give of thy wisdom!
Still plant sturdy trees on thy ocean frontier!
In suffrage parades, or in God's work in pulpits,
Hurrah for our Mother! Our brave pioneer!

TO PAPA IN HEAVEN *

"And his children rise up and call him blessèd."

Freed, exalted, Victor thou!
Resting in the deeps of love—
Peace!

* Samuel C. Blackwell.

Nestling on the heart of God—
Peace!
Buoyed by eternal arms,
Rolling off the long, long cares,
Saintly spirit know thy home.
Peace!

TO REV. ROBERT COLLYER

VALENTINE

A LION's head!
A heart of gold!
Beaming radiance
Manifold!

Warming sympathy's
High-tide;
With generosity
Allied!

A boundless trust!
A hopeful goal!
A grasp at the roots!
A poet's soul!

A serene content!
Simple-hearted truth!
A gleam of fun!
An eternal youth!

TO REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D.

ON HIS EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

Grand old mountain, hoary-headed,
Rosy-crowned with sunshine wedded,
With a majesty of bearing,
Blending human and divine,
So rarely human, true divine.

Large, courageous, tender hero,
Forging out our human souls
Upon our ringing anvil-hearts,
The human heart,
Here you grandly do your part.

At your name, all eyes must brighten,
Hearts must soften, souls must strengthen,
And your life thus spreading outward,
Beaming outward,
Untold years on earth must lengthen.
With a dream of sun-lit blossoms,
Writing with that rugged grace!
See him sitting calmly, waiting,
Eager, waiting,
The divine light on his face!

A PRESENCE

A PRESENCE calmed my mid-night hour,—
'Twas filled with guarding strength and power.
Large, benign,
Grave and kind,
Leading on toward death's bright flower!

DEATH

DEATH is vision,
Death is light,
Death is winning larger sight!

Death is wisdom,
Left the toy,
Death is seeing nobler joy!

Larger purpose,
Greater power,
Purer love is death's sweet dower!

Death is lighting
Loved ones here,—
Souls with vision, dry the tear.

Free me, wingèd
Spirit-breath!
At God's signal, take me, Death!

GLORY OF DEATH!*

God in His wisdom,
God in His mercy,
God in His loving kindness to all,
Gathers His weak ones,
Gathers His frail ones,
Home at the sound of His tender call!

These are not *our* souls,
These are God's own souls,
God knows the time when each one shall come
Out of the God-land sent here below,
Lent for our growth on,
Sent for their growth up,
God knows the time when each one shall go!

Warmth of divine love,
Then re-creates them,
Light of divine joy gives spirit-breath:
Thus God refreshes,
Thus are souls lifted,
Joyous and god-like! Glory of Death!

Radiant vision,
Self-love is vanquished,
Clear-eyed the insight, gold from alloy,
Real, the ideal,—

* Read at the cremation of Emily Blackwell, M.D., Boston, 1910.

Loving as God loves,
Serving from loving, blissful God-Joy!

Then we will weep not!
Then we'll be brave hearts!
Onward our work calls! Prove love and faith!
They are God's helpers,
Guarding us safe now,
Joyous their service! Glory of Death!

Pæans of praise then,
Let them ring loudly!
God gave us birth, and God gives us death!
Leading us onward,
Drawing us upward,
See the realms radiant! Glory of Death!

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